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BONDAGE WIFE

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Lord Freddie Parkes on felt that he was, indeed, about the luckiest man alive on this particular morning.....he car was behaving in perfect manner as it climbed the winding path up the side of the mount in....the weather could not be better.....and next to him sat the shapeliest girl he had ever known.....the Honourable Miss Pamela Davenport.....or who had been up to early that morning.....the Wedding Ceremony had been completed, and Lord Freddie, of the Greys, handsome and filled with the virility of youth could not have been in a better frame of mind.....the Honourable Pamela....socialite extraordinary.....a face of statuesque beauty.....a body that could not be bettered.....her shapeliness had been contested in the better known quarters amongst men of high rank and standing, and all sighed, admitting that of all the young dabs, socialites and well to do stars even, none could possibly compare with the proud, arrogant beauty that was Pamela.....

The blood of good breeding flowed through her veins...she was of the school where breeding was everything...to get into Pamela's set, one had to boast a title....or at least a millionaire.....when she had announced her engagement to the rugged handsome Major of The Greys, the Lord Parkestons, more than one eyebrow was raised in surprise.....and yet, it was to be expected really damn it, the girl had to marry somebody!!! Why not the wealthy Parkestons.....Freddie to his friends. Why not indeed.....the simple matter of the whole thing was that, Pamela, despite her strict moral code of High Class ethics, had fallen deeply and

love.....it was as simple as that....she saw in Freddy everything a girl could wish for.....wealth...handsomeness.....a character that was out out of Oak, and a source of fun....good, clean fun!!!

She smiled as she turned to face her newly acquired husband.....her generous lips parted and she showed even white small teeth.. whiter than the advertisements in the toothpaste boards.... "Happy" he smiled at his lovely, shapely bride. "For the umpteenth time....yes.....very, very happy" she told him as her heart whirled.... From the corner of his eye he could see the pronounced bulge of her thrusting breasts....they were remarkable in the texture....the seemed to jiggle in soft tune to the car as it turned the hair-pin bends.....her legs were flawless.....and with the cold blue two piece suit, Pamela looked like something from a dirty mind's dream!!!

Her buttocks, instead of having an angle when they were tautly bent, were precisely rounded....very rounded like moon shaped spheroid of attractive fleshher complexion was really peaches and cream with her doll like face with gently pouting lips..... "Well, Lady Parkstone.....we shall soon be over this ridge and dropping down to the yachting basin" he smiled. "Marvelous.....I have not seen a residence for hours" she responded, her rich, soft well educated voice like a gentle breeze..... "Not out here.....you won't.....this part of the Bavaria is full of superstition.....werewolves.. vampires....all that sort of ghouliah nonsense" "I thought the Great Father Communism had eradicated all that from the peasants minds" she replied.

"It's like teaching an old dog new tricks....." Communism" he sneered, "it was alright in Russia.. but these people do not bend so easy....they still have landowners.....and the local landmen still have servants.....were like slaves"

"I don't believe it" she smiled....

"It's true.....people out here aren't hired..... they are bought....body and soul"

"It sounds all Victorian to me"

"Victorian.....my dear Fannie.....Victorian Era have no caught up with these people yet"

~~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

Lord Freddie Perkestone was aro than a little annoyed.....he rubbed his fingers over his forehead as he studied the large tree lying across the pathway.....he could not drive round it....and firthermore, he could not shift it..... bloody great trunk laying there.....he looked out over the panoramic view of his high vantage spot.. there was nothing that might help him.....all around him, he saw only the deep precipitous view of the mountain that he had been climbing in the car... normally, he would have admitted that it looked a breathtaking scene....now.....now he was stuck here whilst he could be on his way to having his lovely twelve hour bride squirming beneath him.....that marvellous, beautiful statuesque shape!!!! He groaned with the thought of it!!!

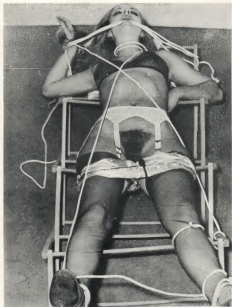
He turned to her, saw the slight anger in her eyes, the sharp aristocratic arrogance in her face.....

"Sorry darling.....it is too huge to shift alone" he shrugged his shoulders.....

He saw the soft pink tongue tip lick across those marvellous lips, and a tremour went through his body.....she was absolutely adorable.....he wanted

to go back to the car and feel those same lips on his.....to feel that soft probing tongue licking his tongue.....and yet, as he came to think of it he felt that she would be a long time in actually coming round to being all that he wanted her to be in a bed.....he felt that she would be just a trifle to prim and proper.....pity....but with a little patient handling, he might be able to break through the upper-crust veneer....to take that haughty arrogance from her mannerisms....he might!!!

He threw himself into the car and lit a cigarette.....a very exclusive smoke filled the car interior.....
 "Well, going to sit here?" she asked, just the slightest edge in her voice.....
 "No darling, of course not.....I'll search out something.....I'm sure we are not the only people to use this road"
 Pamela accepted this.....no man in the whole wide world would be able to move such an obstruction as that tree.....
 "It hasn't been there all that long" he mused....
 "I hope not....." she replied with obvious testiness in her voice.....
 "I'll see what I can rake up"
 "You going to leave me here?" she asked the question so politely, so softly, yet Fredie knew she was boiling inside.....under any other circumstances he would have made some sarcastic reply...but not today.....
 "I could turn round and go back until we see some form of life" he suggested.
 "That sounds an excellent idea" she agreed more amiably.
 The engine spun into life and he manoeuvred the car so that it was facing the other way.....already, the sun was dipping behind them casting long shadows of the scenic mountain side across the fields so far below them.....



Just as he shifted the gear lever into gear, she tugged his arm.....

"Freddie....there's a man....up there" she pointed off to her right.....

He squinted in the direction of her pointing finger...

"I do believe it is.....I thought it was a tree

at first" he joined her enthusias.....and then

braked the car.....he blasted his twin horns several times and was pleased to see the tall man making his way down the steep incline to where they were stopped.....

"Do you speak English" Freddie asked in excellent German.....

"Yes.....better than your accented german" the man smiled.

Pamela noticed the deep jet blackness of the man's

eyes....he was tall.....swarthy and yet his whole

bearing was one of sheer breeding....

Freddie explained their plight.....

"Not very pleasant for a honeymoon," the man told them as he again let his eyes sweep over the shapely Pamela.....

"I wondered whether there was something we could do about shifting it" Freddie asked.

"I'll send out some men....but in the morning... in the meantime, perhaps the Lady and yourself would care to freshen up at the Demainite Schloss" he offered.

Freddie hesitated..he looked at his bride....

"What say Pamela.....should we?"

"It would be ingracious of us not to" she smiled tritely back.....

If they had not had the stranger with them, they would never have seen the Schloss....Castle.....it really was something out of the Fairy Tale book.....and it's tall structures were imposing.....and so very, very quaint!!!

"Are you the Baron Demain" Freddie asked at dinner..
 "No.....my grandfather was a scorf" he watched the face of Pamela as he spoke, and knew that he was not mistaken when he saw her slightly.....ever so slightly sneer.....or grimace.....but it was there...
 "The line of the Baron Demain was cut off in my grandfather's day very quickly....very thoroughly.. he was murdered.....by my people I think.....and we somehow aquired the estates....together with all the chattels.....including men...women and children"
 "So your grandfather took over all the other scorfs" Pamela could not keep the rancour from her voice....
 "He did....look stock and barrel" the tall man looked at her.....she felt icy fingers creep over her spine....she had dressed into a one piece black dress, the mini variety....and the neck line revealed just enough of her swelling wounds to make her look exquisite.....
 A grey haired old retainer came in.....the resident owner told him, in a soft voice the choice of wine.. the old gentleman simply bowed, he cast the furtive of glances at the two guests then hurried off in a quiet manner.....

The servant returned some minutes later with the tray and bottle.....
 "A pleasure that I am denied" the host told them, I am permitted no liquors...but this is of excellent quality, I can assure you.....he poured two glasses and into his own glass poured water.....
 "To theBride....and groom" he smiled....
 They three of them drank the wine toast, but it was obvious that Pamela was getting ready to get to her bed.....she was tired and she had accepted the fact that they would spend the night in the ancient castle.....Freddie had finished his liquor...then he gave way to gentle persuasion from the host and drank another.....he had three in all and only Pamela kept to the original drink.....

The host smiled as Freddie gave an immense uncovered yawn.... Pamela blushed for him.... then his head went to one side and with a soft expression of deep pleasure on his handsome face, he was well asleep....

"I.....I apologise for my h sound" she liked the sound of the 'new' phrase, "he has been driving all day"

Even so, she had to admit that she felt pretty languid herself.....her eyes felt heavy, and her limbs felt like lead.....and she had only had a quarter of a glass.....she tried to rise from the table....she looked at her host and saw the smile of real pleasure on his face....

"Please do not try to move Lady Pamela....you will not make it....I promise"

As his words sank into her tired brain, she felt the full effects of the drowsiness come over her.....she slumped forward onto the table and a deep, very fulfilling sleep overcame her.....

— — — — —

As she came round from the deep
pity of Ned, she felt the stiffness of the table
boards where she had slumped forward....the room
was just turning to light where the dawn was filling
in through the thinned curtains.....she sat up slow-
ly.....and then she stretched her arms and pushed
them as she operated her muscles to get life back
into them....her breasts pushed forward in perfect
smooth roundness and they emphasized their beauty
as they pushed against the black dress.....she
blinked across the table as realization came flood-
ing back into her brain.....she blinked again...
Freddie had gone up to bed.....and he'd left her
down here.....

Shakily, surprised that she was so, Pamela stood up and again stretched her cramped, tired muscles. Unsteadily she walked out of the large banquet type Dining Room and went up the wide staircase to the first landing....she recalled where the Guest room was and tapped on the door, swung it open and walked into the room....her eyes studied the empty bed and then she looked round the room, her things were still there..her cases and the discarded blue two piece....she caught her reflection in the mirror....she looked as though a bath would do her good.....Freddie and she had been told that the small ante room was at their disposal and as the water filled the tub, so the marvellous shape slowly denuded herself.....the lovely Pamela stood stark naked...her breasts full and up tilted, the smooth lines of her peachy, smooth tummy dipping attractively to the golden thatch of pubic hair as the bush grew profusely at the juncture of her thighs.....she cupped her melon breasts and felt the soft tingling response.....and as she touched her own nipples she felt a twinge of disappointment that Dear Freddie had not seen the sight in the large bed with her.....

Half an hour afterwards, the very fresh looking and lovely girl walked down the stairs again to seek Freddie...she surmised that he had gone to remove the nuisance tree from the path.....she wore white.....V rgin white!!!!.....and round her neck she had a deep red kerchief.. her skirt was mini type and her lush models legs swept in attractive curves down to her ankles.. and because her skirt was reasonably tight, the full roundness of her jouncing buttocks showed in full round perfection.....the full blooded redness of her pouting lips went into a slightly curt line when she saw their host coming from the dining room...he glanced up when he saw her...

"Good morning....you slept well?" His manner was as curt as her own attitude....and something of the infallible woman's taction made her go on guard. "Considering the bed....yes, thank-you" "Ah....you mean the Dining Room Table.....it could have been trespassing on a matter of propriety if we had moved you.....so.....we left you...you slept well?" "Again...yes, thank-you.....have you seen my husband this morning" she asked airily. "Yes, I have....he's is sleeping well" the host told her.

There was something odd in his attitude, something that made Pamela angry and yet wary....what it was, she could not put her finger on....but there was an arrogance that did not come from Good Breeding as she would call it.. it was the thing that comes from an uncouth person when he meets his betters and does not know how to approach them...so he resorts to brashness. So it was with this tall arrogant individual.... however, accepting the fact that they were his guests, she held her sharp tongue...

"Where did he sleep" she asked testily. "Downstairs.....right downstairs" he said with a tone that she could only say was deadly!!! "Downstairs?" she asked, somewhat non-plussed. "Would you care to go to him?"

"But of course" she said as she ran out of tact and diplomacy.....

"So you shall.....so you shall" he grinned like a Devil Statue.....Pamela shuddered more in angry haughtiness than anything else....she did not like this man's attitude....she did not like this man Period!!!!!! He opened a door at the side of the wide staircase.....he beckoned her to follow, which feeling full of mystery, she did so.

She was getting more and more apprehensive and puzzled as they descended the steps into the very bowels of the castle foundations..... At least it was not freezing despite the stone walls.....

"Why did you bring him down here?" she asked ever before they stepped to the passage at the very bottom of the spiralling stairs....

"For Convenience" he said simply....

She was about to question him further, but he was opening a door to another room....inside this, the place was a well kept square room.....it was quite large and had a reasonably high ceiling.

Lady Pamela Parkestons stood just inside the

closed door and let her eyes rove over the bizarre furnishings of the chamber.....everything in that room represented restrictive furniture....the

various wooden apparatus were polished a shiny black

ebony.....there were Stocks, Frames, manacled

elaborations of woodwork, chairs of several odd

shapes and sizes.....at the far end, she saw

a wardrobe and the door was wide open.....it seemed-

to stretch from wall to wall and inside there

were numerous types of corsetry.....fine leather

garments.....thigh length boots in an assortment

of red, yellow, greens and blacks....everything

gleamed at her.....she saw the highly polished

cellar equipment hanging from hooks on the wall,

and she saw too the many varied leather knots..

some were skillfully made with thick handles that

had tapering thongs coming from them....though that

tapered down to pencil thickness.....she saw the

manacles.....the securing ropes....she saw too the

head harnesses to fit over ones hair and secure

the head and face inside.....but this was not

a Redeavor collection....it was gleaming in real

polished array.....sparkling with bizarre promises

of pain.....correction....discipline.....and PUNISHMENT!

And when her eyes went towards the ceiling, she

saw the Crossbars with the leather manacles at strategic points.....her eyes went to the thick pole that ran from Ceiling to floor...and even this had the restraining manacles at various points studded deeply and unrelenting into the wood.....the framed table top....the other assortment of frames that needed little imagination as to what they were used for.....a saddle at one end was moulded like the incurve of a persons lower tummy....if that person was bending....and the straps showed too how a person could be stretched and secured.....Pamela was a stoic, but this whole ghastly collection made her thighs go weak...
 "I.....I do not like this place at all" she said and her taste obviously portrayed her distaste.
 "I do not suppose for one moment that you do" he said quietly.
 "I'd like to see my husband" she said as tartly as she could.....
 "Of course, I almost forgot" he smiled and showed her through the door.....they hurried down the long passage.....down even more steps and into a dimly lit passage.....he opened the single door and there, oblivious to the whole world, a contented smile on his lips was Freddie.....she felt a dull sigh of relief go through her when she saw that he was so comfortable.....he had a neat bed, well upholstered and despite the smallness of the room, it was extremely luxurious.....
 "Why.....what.....what is he doing down here" she asked mystified.....
 She was ushered out to do.....
 "He waits for you to call him"
 "Then I must do so" she went to pass his tall frame.....
 "No" the word snapped from his mouth and a steel like band seemed to fasten round her muscle.... she winced in shocked pain.....

"He will be called.....when I say so" the tall Demanster said.....

"Would you please explain what this is all about" she felt her anger rising.....and he could see the pretty face flushing a bright red.....

Once they were in the confines of the awful room again, he closed the door and sat down....she leaned back against one of the table edges...

"It is a long.....long time since anybody of Noble blood has been in these walls.....you are, obvious! of that type.....like my forefathers, I have a real yen to have a woman.....a pretty woman... like yourself as a Personal Maid.....I want a lovely maiden.....one with spirit...one with more than the usual amount of dignity....one with Pride and one who will try to fight the inevitable.... in short.....you lady Pamela.....I want to have you as my personal Maid.....my Bondage Slave" he said quietly.

At first, Pamela was so angry that she stamped her small foot indignantly.. and then she turned to derisive laughter....

"Oh Dear God.....you really are a fool.....a real Madman.....do you honestly think that I would ever stoop so low as to even think of your wants and 'not wants'.....you are positively mad.....AND I suggest that you wake Freddie up and release us both before I consider calling the Police" she told him, her chin proudly held, her eyes flashing angrily at him....

"Police" he smiled at her ignorance of the ways of the Law....."perhaps you would like to call the British Consul" he smiled broader....

Obviously, he had no fear of either....there was nothing magical in his smile anyway.....Pamela began to feel the real pride of her blood rising....

"Now would you please stop this nonsense and let

both my husband and I out of this....this Mad house" she snapped angrily.
 "Lady Pamela" he studied the perfect manicure of his nails, "before you leave this castle, I swear that you will kneel before me.....you will be naked.. and you will be tied in such a restrictive manner that everything that you hold secret will be open to my eyes....and Lady Pamela, you will begging me to do anything I please with you.....I swear, that in your naked shame, revealing your sexual areas to me, I shall hear you proclaim me your master....and I will hear you plead urgently to be permitted to do the vilest things for my pleasure"

At first, Pamela went white, then she turned pink until she was now a boiling red beetroot colour.....
 "Then you must be mad" she said in a carefully controlled voice, "absolutely mad....."
 "Then you had better be prepared to serve a madman" he smiled malevolently.
 He walked from the room and left her still standing at the edge of the table.....she banged with closed fists on the thick panelled oak door..she banged continually until she realized that it was fruitless....she looked back into the dreadful room and a shudder of revulsion went through her lovely body....she felt the icy sweat beneath her skin as her eyes once again travelled over the very bizarre assortment.....she sat down tentively on the edge of one of the high backed chairs..... she purposely avoided the manacles and her teeth clenched angrily in reaction to what had befallen her....there were no windows as suchthere was a wall to wall ventilation system....Personal Maid indeed!! And what was the other thing?.... A Bondage Slave!!!! Her fury built up more and

as horror upon horror went through her mind.....
 Pamela knew instinctively that she had been left
 down here to review her fate....it was a small
 brainwashing attempt to cover her....she'd cover
 him when he returned!!!!

It was a full half hour
 before he returned.....her eyes narrowed at the
 strange dresswear he had donned.....he wore now,
 all black.....a tight fitting black suit that
 seemed plastered to his skin.....it seemed to
 show every muscle and line of his body.....and she
 had to admit that never before had she seen anything
 quite so overpowering and demonic.....
 "Now Lady Pamela.....your training for Pleasure,
 my pleasure will start"
 She had stood up when she heard the key slipping
 the latches.....she was now backing away from
 his reaching gauntleted hand.....she dodged
 round a table and saw him select a long thin
 whip from the wall.....
 "I can operate this thong so that it will twist
 round your body....then all I have to do is to
 pull you to me" he informed her.....she still
 backed away.....her eyes studying him all the
 time.....his wrist moved liked a black streak
 of lightning.....she tried to duck to one side
 but she suddenly felt the thin leather wrap round
 in coiling embrace....round and round the leather
 circled entrapping her arms to her sides....she
 was completely pinioned.....she still walked
 from him....but then he jerked the handle towards
 himself by an upward thrust of his wrist.....Pamela
 found herself jerked towards him.....she raised
 a knee when she was standing before him....he
 dodged easily.....then he raised his hand...her
 face stung maddeningly.....'Ouch'.....Ow'
 she gasped as his Hand slapped her pretty face...

"Now listen to me" he snarled....."your husband is enjoying the very best of hospitality...how would you like to see him hanging from those beams secured tightly.....and then watching his sexual areas burned from him"

Pamela's head shot up.....he reached round and grabbed her tresses at the back and pulled her head back...hard...her soft white throat stretched perfect y...she tried to swallow and for the first time, she floundered.....

"You.....you wouldn't" she gasped.

"Oh yes I would....now you are begining to see what I meant about being a co-operative slave for my bizarre wardrobe" he smiled.

Pamela looked up at him, her throat still stretched. She felt the first real icy finger of helplessness... she had to admit that she had forgotten about the predicament that Freddie might be in....this demon had them both in his power.....

He untwined the leather whip from her arms and she rubbed them softly....

"Lady Pamela.....you now know why I am convinced" he smiled evilly.

She closed her eyes as angry flushes crossed her face.....she had to admit that he had one advantage....her newly married status....Freddie...she could not let anything happen to him....she just could not.....

"Will you.....will you promise not to involve him" she asked.

"If you try hard....and equally make a promise to become a satisfactory person....I will know when you really mean it.....then I promise that Freddie will never know he has been asleep for so long....he shall be treated like a guest of honour....a sleeping guest of honour.....do not

worry, I know how to feed him even if he is asleep.. and you shall see him each night and morning just to show good faith" he smiled.

Pamela stood there, she could feel the cold iciness creeping through her body.....through her mind flashed the whole wardrobe of Bondage garments,...she recalled how vividly they had been impressed upon her mind in the last half hour as she had stayed in the room her eyes going to the wardrobe despite herself....she was very aware of just how much of her body would be bared....just how much of her body would be entrapped in the bondage garment as her skin was enshrouded in the satin and leather array of clothes. She felt his hand, his gloved hands grasp her wrists.....she reacted naturally by trying to snatch them away.....but now that he had hold of her she realized just how powerful he was.... slowly, relentlessly her hands were forced behind her neck as he pulled them up first and then down behind her....he clasped her wrists in one hand as she gasped with exertion....again, the predomina factor was forgotten....Freddie.....he was still downstairs....but it suited the Demantian to let her forget.....and then he was reaching up with his free hand....he snared the wristlets hanging down....she struggled ferociously when she saw the intended action....he jerked the coiled ropes down.....the knotted end slipped over her writhing wrists and then she felt the cords jerk tight round her wrists....he pulled the dangling cords the other side....her arms were pulled tightly upwards then he snagged the end round a hook.....it was easy for him to stand on a chair seat and make a thorough job of the rope round her wrists.. he tied and crossed them expertly.....she was soon secured very well.....then he stepped down and studied her stretching torso ffrom the front,



In natural reaction, Pamela pulled on the hanging rope.....even before she discovered the truth of the restraining cord, she knew somehow, that it would not give, and it didn't.....her face still held it's proud haughtier....

The tall man walked to her front. his eyes roved freely over the tautly stretched Lady Pamela's...

"I am going to question you.....and you will answer without any pretense of Modesty.....you will learn the Modesty is a trait you can forget....up until now, your modesty has been a luxury.....you are to learn soon that when my family takes on a task of reverting a proud woman to one of complete obedience, then we do the job well.....exceedingly well" he smiled.

Despite her stoic manner, Pamela had to admit to feeling a tremor of helpless horror go through her proud body.....with her hands so fully tied way above her head, and feeling so utterly defenceless, she had no other choice than to feel helpless. "How old are you Pamela?"

"Twenty years" she responded.

"What are your statistics"

Her blue eyes looked venom at him....she hated the bitter pill of domination,...and she knew that she was soon to be introduced to Bondage...forcibly.....very, very forcibly. He reminded her in a calculated soft voice that her newly wed husband was still down stairs, and as the reminding thought went through her head, she realized that she was indeed powerless...

"30....27.....38" she gasped out as a shameful shudder went through her for no reason....

"Are you a virgin?"

Her face went a fiery red....beetroot hues flushed her pretty features as she struggled inwardly to

contain her pride and temper....

"Answer" he snapped angrily,

She saw the fury in his face that she had dared to hold her tongue after he insisted on a question being answered.....

"No" she snapped back.

"I think we had better start getting something older here and now"

She saw him walk to the wall cabinet and delve inside a drawer.....when he turned round, the Demonstrator held a four feet long tapering leather type rod. The handle was bound in stiffened leather, from the handle to the tip it tapered until it ended with just three small tassels at the end....

"Now.....to indoctrinate you"

He stood to one side, just slightly to the rear....his eyes studied the full rounded bottom....the tight skirt showed it in perfect symmetry.....Pamela could not believe her eyes when she saw what he held.....she tried to force herself forward...her mouth was dry with a terrible type of horror....he was going to beat her....she struggled, futilely against the restraining cords.....

"No.....no.....please" she managed to gasp. It was a good beginning, he thought...at long last she had pleaded!!! The Demonstrator raised his arm and watched the trembling rounded thrust of her bottom....then a thin, high pitched whistle filled the whole interior of the chamber.....Pamela heard it with mounting horror....she could not believe that such a thing was happening....not until a most unbelievable pain like a line of hot fire screamed across the fleshiest part of her bottom... her front thrust forward as her body reacted to the terrible horror.....her backside seemed as though it really was aight as her mouth opened and she screamed.....for the first time in her life.

her backside seemed to leap again as yet another sank across her shapely writhing area....her mouth opened as unrelenting pain and horror struck her area.....and when the third came down, Pamela thought she was fit to bust....the end of the punishing knot seemed to strike her smooth bottom and then whip round to continue the terrible pain at the side.....she was writhing like a stuck pig and the man watched with antrecherous smile on his face as that shapely bottom twisted and turned and as it danced and thrust about in sweet rythm to the painful tune he had started to play.... as the pain abated to a steady humming hurt, Pamela stopped her writhing....her shoulders ached in agony at the tension she had placed on the ... her arms ached.... or wrists ached....but the searing terror in her area was enough to make her forget the nagging nuisance of pain in therest of her soft body.....showing him again standin before her.....

"That, dear Pamela is just the beginning" he said with cruel satisfaction at her wretchedness... She could have swanned with the terror going on inside her head and her bod

"You will always answer as immediately....under stood"

She glared angrily at him...her eyes showing real hate....not fear, but hate.....and he smiled, he would soon see that glare change to a cringing fear.....

She continued to look at him, stoically she had fought back her tears and he saw th se clear blue eyes staring back rebelliously at him.....

"Understand" he repeated his question. Pamela should have known better than to stand there innocently staring.....

"Very well" he went behind her again....Pamela scold.

to be gulvamisized into action....she had been too busy hating....instead of listening.....again a long swishing whistle sounded in the room. "AGGH.....COOW.....EEEEEEEEEEEEEECOOWCOOW.....OOOOOOOOOH.....OWOWOHOWOWOWOWOWOW.....PLEASE.. NO.....PLEASE.....PLEASE.....OH NO...PLEASE" her voice broke and shrieked at the same time..... A renewed fury of fire leapt across her nates.... Pamela was certain that she could not take this... it was horrible....painful.....and her body writhed about in terrible agony of sharp stinging pain.... but he gave her two more finely applied strokes and the whole of her arse was writhing like a bely dancer.....

He let some five minutes pass by before he spoke again...her pretty face was crest fallen.....she hung there looking at the floor... her hair was completely dishevelled as it clung to her shapely pain filled face.....Pamela had heard of pain.....But it was just a word.....now that she had tasted it, she was shocked more than she ever thought she could possibly be....it was awful.....

"Are you a virgin?"

"No" she answered promptly.

The Demonstrator smiled....he noticed now the ready answer.....quickly given to avoid any thought that she might be slackling.....

She felt the manacles round her wrist being released and then she was tottering on the weight as she felt her arms drop tired and useless by her side...

He let her rub her shoulders into life.....

"Pamela.....you will now take your clothes off... all of them.....I want you stripped naked... on will hand each garment to me.....and tell me the name of the garment.....skirt....jacket....every thing" he smiled.

In natural reaction, Pamela started to refuse...

it was a filthy rotten thing to expect her to do, her eyes still bore some of the hateful glare about them, and then she saw him reach for the whippy tapering leather.....she shuddered as her body remembered the awful pain.....

"No.....no....please" she choked out in a long sob of pleading terror....

"Well?" he held his hand out....for the first garment. She felt some more will power drain from her system, and then she slipped the white coat from her shoulders..

"My tunic?" she said in hardly an audible voice..

shame...terrible deep shame...humiliation.... degradation....the whole works that added to a complete disregard for her dignity, and the loss of it swept through her.....

"My.....my skirt" she sulked out as she slipped the lower, mini garment from her very gorgeous and shapely legs.....

"Half slip" her choking voice was like cotton wool.. and his eyes swept slowly over the perfect shape of the very lovely girl.....she was in stockings, half cup frilly yellow brassiere.....matching yellow panties.....and the thin line of her suspenders was the only interruption to her perfect soft swelling thighs....he had never viewed such peachy skin....in looked like satin...he knew it would be perfectly soft to the touch.....

"My.....my stockings" she choked out.....

Her eyes implored....nothing else.....she hesitated in natural modesty.....

"Please.....oh, please....no more" she whispered softly.

"Right off" he reminded her.

She saw no relentment in his eyes.....how could she expect him to relieve her of any further embarrassment.....she knew damn well that there was a lot more to come....she knew that things would certainly get a lot worse before there was anything of a respite.....automatically, her common sense

told her that she was just embarking on a life of complete Bondage....Obedience....and Discipline... and that same something told her that she was in for more restrictions....more beatings.....and that this was only just the very beginning.....he could humiliate her a lot more yet....and she knew that he intended to break her completely until she was indeed ready to thrust herself into a wide open pose where she would be showing off her whole crutch area and plead with him.....and she wondered how long it would be before she would drop to her knees of her own free will and call him Master and acknowledge him as such by being obedient to his commands.....obedient to the very letter..

There are all sorts of breast in this world....but none could possibly compare with the perfect treasures now being stripped before the cruel faced Wolfgan.....as she held out her trembling fingers.....

"My.....my brassiere" she almost choked on the word.....

He took the twin cupped garment and then placed it on a stoolher chapealy breasts thrust out... very round.....very, very full, and they thrust up just slightly at the pink tipped nipples.... her face showed her complete abjected misery..

"Last one" he insisted with quiet finality.

Patricia closed her eyes.....her face was as red as it could be.....her head was dizzy with terrible shame.....she wanted to plead with him, but knew that this only added to his pleasure when she had to submit eventually....her hands were really shaking now....her thumbs fussed with her yellow flimsy panties.....and then she was surprised at her own action as she slipped them slowly & her superb thighs.....

"Pull them up again"

She was puzzled when she heard his voice...his counte

command.....she eased them up again a lot quicker than she had pushed them down!!! But she knew it was only to tantalise her....to shame her more that he had ordered the covering up again.....

"Put your hands on your head"

With the sting of the fiery pain still attendant up her arse, she slowly raised her hands to her head.....the reaction on her face is hardly describable....she was a perfect posture of plea-

sure.....her upthrusting breasts were perfectly presented.....

"Now I want to hear every word.....absolutely and precisely.....say....."Please, strip my cunties down....I beg you" he smiled evil cruelty written over his face.....

Pamela's eyes widened in terrible horror.....she saw him holding the leather knout....her mouth was already dry with frustrating terror....."
"I.....I can't" she choked out and started to bring her hands down.....

"Get Them Up" he snapped angrily.....

Pamela returned her hands to her head.....she was shuddering in horror.....

"Alright.....we shall see what the sight of you precious husband dancing at the end of a flame can do"

" ooh.....up.....no....please.....I'm sorry" she blurted out....how stupid of her to forget the handsome Freddie!!!!

"Ah.....so.....now you remember that I have the whip hand" he smiled.

She nearly collapsed and gave into the heady feelings of dizziness that invaded her senses....

"Right Pamela....no hesitation.....let me hear that sentence"

He repeated the words to remind her.....

Pamella blinked back the tears of frustration...she looked at him one more time....she saw his eyes studying the crotch of her panties where the bushy hair thrust against the silky cloth.....
 "Please.....take my panties down.....I beg you" she shuddered the words from her mouth.....
 She had to force herself into a state of real solid posture as she felt his fingers tugging gently at the panty legs.....she gritted her teeth, as he sat in a low stool and eased her panties down her firm shapely thighs inch by cruel slow inch.....

He pulled them from her feet by making her lift one foot at a time....as she did this so he could glimpse the soft, attractive lips of her shapely cunt.....
 "Now spread your feet apart"
 Pamela felt fit to drop....he was seated on a low stool, his sneering, cruel face was immediately before her bushy hair.....it was the most difficult thing she had ever done in her life....slowly...a little at first, she spread her thighs and ankles....
 "More.....lot's more" he snarled.
 Ever conscious of the whip.....of the sleeping form of Freddie, she parted her ankles until she was well parted....he was able to see easily the soft lined cunt lips as he peered at her well opened crotch...
 "Now Pamela....when I say in future, "adopt the revealing pose," you will stand thus....your legs wide apart....your hands on your head...understand"
 "Yes" she whispered softly as she fought fresh tears back from her eyes.....
 "Splendid.....and once you are in that position...under no circumstances are to move..without I tell you to do so....is that understood"
 "Yes" she trembled out as floods of angry tears started



breach the dam of her eyes.....
 He stood up and looked down at the soft lovely face
 and she did jump when she felt his hands on her soft
 rib cage.....and as they slipped up to her thrust-
 ing breasts, Pamela shivered hopelessly.....and
 then her mounds were being softly handled....each
 one was in the caressing enveloping palm of his
 hands.....

"Very nice.....superbly built....very pliant.....
 very, but very smooth" he smiled.

Pamella felt the shock waves go through her tits as
 he fondled her.....he nipped the hardening nipple
 until both were well out.....and then she felt his
 hand go straight to her widely parted crotch....
 a loud hissing sound escaped her mouth...her precious
 cunt...only felt by one man before and that was a
 soft investigating caress was now being touched by
 the Denominator.....Pamella moaned and shivered
 in full fury of shame and degradation....she felt
 his fingers stroking and exploring her jewel and
 she choked continuously to keep the tears of shame
 streaking from her eyes.....

He was patient and unhurried...
 Pamela tried everything to prevent herself from re-
 sponding to him.....but he made the juices flow at
 her sweet cunt lips....he tickled and touched...he
 felt and probed...his middle finger slipped about
 in her cunt passage and soon she sobbed as flashes
 of erotic heat swept through her belly and over her
 her body.....her arms started to writhe as erotic
 heat took control...her breath gasped out as he drew
 his finger in all the way....and the next lunge of
 his finger took another finger with it, so that her
 tight cunt passage was gripping his fingers hard...
 her face showed the inner pleasure that her body was
 feeling.....her body was delighted...her brain was
 nauseated and disgusted.....

All the next five minutes, she had to remain with her legs widely thrust apart and her hands trapped on her head as he slowly stroked fire and heat into her cunt....it was a proud aristocratic cunt too... so smooth and soft....it even felt different from any cunt he had ever felt.....

"That is a much better attitude" he told her after a while.

She did not know honestly whether she was pleased or sorry when he stopped!!! Her whole being was in tremulous heated response to his fingering...and Pamela might have been an aristocrat...but she was a human being too!!!!

He took her to the wardrobe and reached in amongst the garments.....he took a very flimsy bit of cloth from it...it was jet black and she saw that it had an elastic waist band.....

"put this on" he said.

She felt renewed shame when she slipped the wretched thing over her legs and up to her crotch.....it covered her mound....that was all....the front was a small triangle of cloth...then a very thin gossamer piece of cloth went between her legs....up between her nates and affixed to the waist band at the back.....he handed her a small square apron ...

"Attach that to the waist band" he snapped.

Her face was red when she saw the small clips...

She clipped it over the waist band and it hung down at the front....the only thing the apron covered was the black triangle of cloth....nothing more....

"Now these"

He held out a red patent leather pair of shoes.... the heels were ridiculously high.....the spiked steel heels were at least six inches...she struggled into the tight fitting leather and tottered on her feet..

"I want you to walk about" he said.
 Because of the extreme height of the heels, she was only able to take very small steps....her mincing paces caused her magnificent tits to judder up and down attractively....and Pamela knew this..... she felt his eyes studying the crisp perfect lines across the mates of her very round and smooth skinned arse.....and as he looked the Demonstrator saw the very rounded buttocks that seemed to have a perfected shape sculptured by a fastidious worker.....

He called her to him and told her to present her back....she did so.....
 "Hand together behind your back"
 Swallowing the terrible refusal, Pamela placed her hands together behind her back.....she felt something slipping over them, and then, before she could break her hand grip, she realized that both hands had been ensnared in a one piece glove corset....a large sleeve had been placed over her arms up to her muscles some three inches above the elbows...by the pulling of laces, he was able to pull her elbows together..
 "Aaaaaaaggher.....oooooooooh" she gasped as her tits thrust out in magnificent thrusting portrayal as her shoulders paled tightly together.....he pulled the laces harder until she was at the maximum thrust and her elbows were fully ensnared.....and then, after tying the laces tight, he spun her round.....she looked superb.....and his hands ran freely over those perfectly presented rounds.....he produced a very deep black pair of thin leather brassieres..... he showed them to her, at first they appeared to be a normal pair of brassiere...bizarre in their leather content no doubt, but just a pair of brassiere for all that....then she saw the inner part...the part that would fit round the globes....her eyes dilated.... all inside...placed at regular intervals she saw the

needle sharp tips.....she looked at him as she realised that he intended to put it over her tits.. "No.....please....not that" she gasped in a choking fear filled sob.

"Would you rather these....or my hands on your tits" he smiled.

"You hands" she answered unhesitatingly.

"Tell me then.....say,"I would rather your hands on my tits Master.....rather than the brassiere"

Her eyes implored him....her face reddened at the subversive attitude he insisted she took.....and as she hesitated, she saw him starting to prepare the brassiere for her breasts....

"No.....please.....I'd rather you played with my....my tits with your hands Master" she moaned

"Now again" he said with cruel pleasure....

"Please.....I would rather you played with my tits, Master...rather than the brassiere" she tremblingly responded.

He replaced the brassiere and turned from the wardrobe.....she stayed still as his hands enveloped her proud very forward thrusting tits... "What am I doing?" he smiled.

"Playing with my tits, Master" she responded.

"I like that" he smiled,"I like your subservient attitude.....from now on...you will always address me as such"

Her eyes went to the brassiere....she shuddered inwardly and retained her position as his hands did as they liked with her throbbing tits.....

After he had made her tits solid with his stroking, manling fingers, he took the knout up again.....in the wrist part of the glove there was a ring of metal.....but Pamela saw his eyes on her beauties and she saw him look at the thong....

Her head reeled as she realized the implication...
 "Well?.....what is it to be....this on your tits...
 or this on your bending area" he selected from the
 wardrobe a whalebone strap....it was as long as the
 knot, but it was like plaited wood.....
 "OOOOOOOH.....PLEEEASE" she trembled....
 "One or the other....."
 "My bottom, Master" she cried.
 He led her to a hanging rod of steel with a clip on
 the end.....the clip, he fastened to the ring on
 her gloves.....as he turned a wheel, the rod slowly
 ascended into the ceiling.....as the gloves lifted
 so her bottom bent....lower and lower.....until that
 superb twinned roundness of fleshy buttocks was
 ready....he could see the thin strip of material t
 as it ran between her nates.....then he raised the
 whalebone persuader.....it came down with a very
 loud thwack.....and as she experienced the awful
 pain of whalebone on flesh, so Pamela screamed....
 her arms ached as they were pulled into the unnat
 ural position.....she screamed six times....her
 legs jumped up and down.....and when her nates were
 fiery red and hot, he undid the ring from the clip
 and she crumpled to the floor...her body trembling,
 her eyes sobbing....it was awful....it was terrible..
 it was too much to hold onto pride.....he
 snapped at her to ride to her knees....the restricti
 onest gloves made the job twice as difficult...but
 under the penalty of being promised more and more
 pain, she made it.....and when she was kneeling before
 him he smiled down at the tear strained face....
 "Whose Master?"
 "You are..you ARE" she sobbed brokenly.
 "Tell me you always call me master"
 "I will.....I will.....always call you master" she
 sobbed brokenly.....
 "And that you are my bondage slave.....and that you
 will always obey"
 "I.....I am your bondage slave.....I will ALWAYS
 obey you, Master" she sobbed.

As naked as it was possible to be except for the gossamer cloth.....her arms enclosed in the glove, and on her knees with her breasts just touching his trousers, Pamela broke down...she remembered the terrible brassiere he had shown her...he had a pair of panties exactly the same...and this made her more responsive to his Domination.....she noticed in the panties....where the crutch piece lay, more needle sharp tips seemed to be concentrated.....a shudder of very real horror ripped through her body....and Pamela seemed to break at that point....she seemed to acknowledge that he could do as he pleased with either Freddie or herself, and with the realization came hopelessness that she had never felt before... her head hung low....weakly....broken....and then he was tilting her chin up.....she saw him loosen the flap of his trousers.....her eyes stared at the profuse muscle of flesh as it protruded.... then a long, thick erect on was pointing at her face. Her eyes dilated as she stared unbelievably at the masculine enormity.....

His left hand stroked the blond hair at the back and all the time his right hand held the prick.....so hard....pointing at her face... "Kiss it" he told her. Like one in a strange dream, she puckered her pouting lips.....no longer did thought of argument cross her mind.....she wanted to refuse....remembered that there was too much against her and then proffered her kissing lips so the glistening end of his tool.....she kissed softly as he stroked the penis from side to side.....then she felt his prick lunge forward as his left hand pulled her head towards him. Her teeth opened.....wider and wider.....Pamela felt the soft lips being stretched wider apart than she had ever known.....



At that moment, she was sure nothing could be more revolting.....and yet, she felt the tips slipping over her tongue....She tried to keep the tongue out of the way....she was sure that she would be sick if this did not stop...inexperienced as she was, she found out within minutes the things that seemed to please him most.....she still did not acquire a liking to suck and lick his prick, but suddenly her mouth filled with hot juices that she realized she was swallowing.....she ought to feel sick...she ought to be struggling away....and if this was the case, why was she swallowing so eagerly....why was she licking the throbbing and so expertly.....her face went crimson in the shame she felt withing herself...she felt that she was a trollope to enjoy such pleasure. She wondered if she was not enjoying the whole business of being dominated.....oh no....please God.....don't let that happen.....don't let me find any pleasure in being a bondage slave.....only these interludes of sexual occurrences.....

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Part II.....

In Part II, Pamela has received two weeks stern training at the Hands of the Demomator of the Honore Castle.....A demomator out there is a person who owns an estate and title through the efforts of his or her forefathers.....the present Demomator is a Sadistic Owner who, by use of Painful Restriction and insistant mental pressure brings the lovely Pamela Parkestone to a new low in life.....she finds after two weeks that she feels nearly every ounce of self respect wiped away... it seems to her, that she is like a real Bondage Maid in which she is prepared to do anything and everything that the Demomator commands.....

PART 11.....

Famela looked across the leather topped desk at the woman to whom she had just been introduced.....the black haired, raveneyed woman was extremely sharp featured.....she sat in the chair in a most commanding manner...her hazel green eyes were 'all-seeing' as they looked from the feet up to the perfect coiffured Pamela....the Lady Pam stood stiffly with her hands down to her sides....her shoulders were pulled back hard....her breasts thrust forward and her tummy line was pulled in....a tight fitting thick leather belt was round her middle....from the centre of the belt a runner cloth ran down between her legs then again up at the rear, to vanish between her nates.....her bottom was still uncovered so that the union orbs were ever available for punishment.. her breasts were encased in very tight leatherette brassiere and her legs were encased in full thigh length satin leather boots....the boots hugged her skin jealously and as the spiked heels dug into the carpet....although her cunt bush and mound were covered, her mound was still very easily discernable.. the cloth covering was tight...so tight that it caused the eye of a beholder to spot it straight away!!! Round her neck, she wore a collar....a bestdided leather collar with two small welded rings at each side.....at various points round the belt were also rings similarly welded to ensue the restraining security of the victim to straps or bondage wear that a Master....or mistress might want to use.

The Dominatrix was a second cousin to the Demonstrator....and her eyes showed a grim pleasure sadism as she let her eyes rove over the soft smooth skin of the hapless Pamela...the standing girl no longer thought of her strict training over

past fortnight.....she had started to capitulate since that first night....and steadily, the demands of the cruel Tartar had grown worse.....until now, nothing surprised her....she knew how to react to different words of command....under the constant attent on of a thin knout to her buttocks, she had slowly learnt that to try and argue....to present anything other than her 'best' performance ended in her bottom squelching in agonised pain.....

Her own eyes hardly dared to look at the statuesque figure of the dominant Greda..... something about the sheer beauty of the woman suggested cold cruelty and sadistic personality.....she was the most fearsome woman Pamela had ever seen.... "So.....Pamela" she smiled...but not with any pleasure for Pamela.... "Y...yes, Mistress" she half whispered. She still hated the manner in which she had been told to respond to these people....but for the sake of her training, she did as she was told.... "Let us have a look at you" the woman half sneered in terrible suggestiveness...she tapped her riding crop on the table top.....she waved the crop through the air and pointed to the twinned wounds... "Show me" she seethed. Trembling still with that same inner rage, Pamela slipped the hooks between the cups free of the buttocks....the leather brassiere came open....she held the cups out and to the side of her body....she trembled as she saw the woman's pleasure in her green hazel eyes.....as she held the cups to her sides, she felt the tip of the riding crop stroke over them.....a shiver of decisive fear went through the trembling girl as her nipples came under the caressing strokes of the crop.....she felt the whole of her right breast lifted at least an inch on the crop end....Madame was 'inspecting'

"Yeeeeee.....yeeee.....yeeee" the woman intoned as she let the breast fall with a judder back into place.....

"Now....bottoms up"

Pamella knew this one!!!! She sank to her knees and then turned so that her back was facing the woman... then her head went right down to the floor...her knuckles parted.....wide.....and her breasts too flattened against the floor so pronounced was her thrusting action.....the two moons of her buttocks were really pushing up hard....the nates spread out wide, so wide that the strip of cloth was exhibited where it ran between the canyon of her arse cheeks. Again, she felt the crop tip stroking her naked butt cheeks.....but she remained down as shuddering her filiation trembled furiously through her bod

"Nowstay like that" she heard the woman hiss. Pamella knew what was to follow.....she gritted her teeth as the lovely Greda looked down at the perfectly presented cheeks.....then she raised her arm....the crop whistled down unerringly towards the contracting no es.....it cracked down hard.....Pamella squirmed letting her arse cheeks relax then tighten.. after some thirty seconds she heard the next whistle and again her backside seemed to burst into fire... six in all.....and by the sixth, she was yelping and pleading wildly.....

Greda told her to get on her feet...Pamella writhed terribly as her hands smoothed over the weals on her arse.....how much more of this could she take.....

"Down to the cellars"

The dreaded command....that cellar...with it's strict restrictive garments....and with a woman it would be twice as bad.....Greda, Pamella felt, would tie her on a frame and skin her backside just for sheer delight.....

After they had been in the cellar for fifteen minutes Pamela learnt what Bondage really meant!!!

She was stretched tighter than a drum skin in a most provocative and open manner.... her ankles were spread wide apart...not just to the limits but inches more.....she was laying on the floor: tummy down.....then a strap had been placed in position over each thigh some four inches above the knees.....then her arms had been stretched above her head and her wrists placed in bracelet manacles. Another bracelet securing strap had pulled her elbows together and then her wrists had been hoisted onto a rope that came from the wall behind her.... as Greta pulled the rope, so Pamela's body had arched backwards.....further and further so that her whole belly and rib cage were stretched tight like drum skins.....a pole running from wall to wall had been slipped into convenient sockets and on the pole her back was now pressing.....she was gasping and groaning, as her tautly stretched body, with her shapely breasts thrusting forward and her equally shapely arse was still open should Greta decide to thrash it.... "Now.....let me see" the cruel dominatrix said... she rummaged and found a half face mask...it was of solid rubber and she fitted this over Pam's head... it fitted over the forehead and encompassed the hair... then it slipped down the side of the face...by adjust the chin strap, Greta was able to make the face mask fit tight.....but the actual front of Pamela's face was uncovered.....the black shiny mask seeming to enhance her bonded beauty.....the top part and the back of the mask had the inevitable steel ring...and to this was affixed another rope which came up from the floor well to the rear of Pam's already tight body.....when Greta pulled this rope, Pam's white throat stretched too...her head was pulled back and downGreta smiled delightfully...

"Movement a bit restrained?" she smiled cruelly
 Pamela could not answer if she wanted to!!!! Greda
 found a black strap of cloth.....she smiled....
 "In a minute" she thought.....she looked for
 one more item and found it.....
 "Open your lips"

Pam could hardly comply....the tight fitting rubber
 beneath her chin was strongly elastic....but she
 forced harder and harder....and as the rubber started
 to win, she found something slipped into her mouth..
 it was a steel...shiny steel ball...her teeth opened
 wide and the strain on the rubber was terrific.....
 her mouth bit down on the ball and she felt Greda
 pulling straps round and fastening behind her head..
 her mouth was opened and she whinnied through the
 gag.....it was awful.....every part of her body
 was beginning to ache with the terrible strains of
 the ropes pulling her muscles.....then she was whined
 some more....a blindfold was being placed round her
 eyes.....she could not struggle....the mask...the
 ropes.....everything kept her well and truly in place.
 The bar at her back was pressing too...she could not
 even move a fraction to ease the terrible pressure
 there.....her world became black as the blind-fold
 was secured.....then with the blackness...silence.

For some minutes she remained like
 that.....she could hear nothing....nothing at all...
 had Greda gone out and left her.....was she alone...
 small beads of perspiration trickled beneath the
 mask.....as the droplet coursed down her body beneath
 her arm pits a tickling sensation followed in it's
 wake.....with one sensation of tickling came another
 she started to itch...not so much from the droplets
 but from imagination too....she tried to move.....
 impossible....she moaned.....the steel gag stopped
 the noise....soon her teeth, so widely parted began
 to ache.....slowly every muscle became reactive to
 cramp.....small trembling shock waves went through

her bondaged bound body.....the cramp became fiercer and every restraining strap seemed to increase in tightness.....she tried to move each muscle, but it was hopeless.....she could not drop her head forward.....she could not even turn it sideways?? The r straining mask stopped her.....how long were they going to keep her like this??? Panic started to enter her mind.....she fancied she heard a noise, but a second noise did not follow.....her incessant panic turned first to rage...her arms and legs started with renewed vigor...the vigor of real anger, but she could not move, then after the effort, the weakness, she relaxed completely.....

Greda sat on a stool immediately before the stretched tight Pamela....she could reach out with ease and play with the finely sculptured breasts....they stretched so perfectly tight, and now the girl was blindfolded, Greda could let the enjoyment fill her own face and eyes....she saw the shapely tits as she inspected them visually.....the pink nipples in the softly pink aureoles.....so fully stretched.....so tight.....it would be a pleasure to hear the proud English beauty pleading with her to whip them!!!! and then she let her eyes rove over.....those buttocks.....Greda's eyes focused sully on the sweet suggestive curves of Pamela's arse.....then she looked at the well exhibited cunt lips and the forestry of blonde hairs that she could see even though Pam was on her face down position.. Greda knew that another hour of being in a state of suspended restriction would have the girl really on her knees ready to suffer 'most anything.....

She watched the various phases of Pamela's different moods....the fear....the anger...and now the passiveness....the collapse.....then she saw the girl's nerve's jump when she put her hands out to remove the blind fold.....

The removal of the blindfold had the pretty girl blinking against the bright lights.....she could not turn her head away, the masked hood still covered her face and the restraining clip on the back of the hood was still clipped to the rope.....she saw the lush thighs of Greda as the woman stood on her feet.....hands on hips, the leather thigh length boots polished so that the reflection of the bound girl stared back at her.....the cramp in her arms and legs had long given way to a dull aching pain.....she watched as Greda sat down on the low stool so that the dominatrix's knees were just level with Pamela's face.....the lips of Greda's sex showed plainly through the tight fitting material of her panties.....and the sheer soft white thighs were like a magnet to Pamela's surveying eyes.... from the tops of the leather boots right up to the panties legs were bared to the bound girl's eyes.... for no accountable reason, Pam felt a distinct thrill tingle through her body.....

"Would you like me to remove the gag?" Greda asked in a silky seductive voice....

"Mmmmm.....mmm" Pamela pleaded!!!!

"And what will my little Bondage slave do for me then?" the dominatrix asked.

"Mmmmmmm" Pamela promised!!!!!!

As she felt Greda's hands unfastening the leather strap securing the ball gag, Pamela felt the relief flooding through her... this would be the second item removed from her bondage bound body.....and every strap was a sweet relief. She gasped as her mouth was freed....her jaws hurt when she manipulated them....the pain was one of marvellous relief.....

"Aren't you going to thank me?" Greda asked in mock surprise.....

"Yes, Mistress.....I'm sorry....thank-you" she choked out in anguish.



It must be remembered that Pamela was a member of the aristocracy....to be put to this extra refined humiliation of having to submit to one who was normally 'lower Class' was worse than for any other woman.....Pamela watched the tall woman's hands....

they were artistically purposeful.....because of the restricted treatment she had been subjected to, the twenty year old girl was ready to suffer anything rather than a long term of whipping.....her eyes watched as the hands went to her own thrusting tits. Because of the bar across her back...and the ropes pulling her body into a perfect arch backwards, Pamela's breasts thrust forward in a most provocative manner.. and the shapely mounds were openly unprotected against anything that the spiteful Greda might want to do to the...for that matter, the whole of the naked girl's body, because of the clever manner in which she was secured, was open and undefended against invading hands.....or punishment!!!

When Greda's hands closed over the fully developed bust, Pamela felt tiny shudders go through her body.....Greda stroked the hillocks in circular stroking movements....her hands almost encompassed the smooth fleshy tits and she let her hand slip round and round them as though turning door knobs but without actually twisting the delightful flesh itself.....Pam's nipples sprang out in immediate reaction to the thrilling caresses and soon, the hard knobs of flesh were thrust out into that hard eager erotic points.....Greda smiled happily as she saw the response in the nipples and also felt the very reaffirming of Pamela's tits.. the fleshy mameries became really firm and sexually excited.....by drawing her hands towards herself, Greda was able to stroke the tits from the actual body down to the nipples....her fingers meeting at



the tingling hard knobs.....she was able to stroke them like this leisurely....Pamela was in no state to dodge or turn her body away....she was held absolutely still by the clever ropes.....and she had to suffer the handling of her breasts until Greda was satiated.....

"You enjoy your mistress playing with your tits.... don't you?"

"Yes, Mistress" Pamela gasped....and lied!!

"You think you have pretty titties, don't you?"

Greda increased the humiliation.

"Yes, Mistress" she whispered in a moaning voice...

"Tell me you have pretty titties"

The terrible shame of having to do whatever Greda told her to do.....or to say whatever Greda told her to say weighed heavily on Pam.....

"I.....I have...pretty titties, Mistress" she said as further blushes filled her face....

"Ask me to play with them" Greda said with a hint of sadistic insistence.....

"Please play with my.....my pretty titties, Mistress" Pam complied.....

Greda smiled happily, her hazel green eyes gloating fully as she enjoyed the bonded helplessness of Lady Pamela.....her hands again coupled the mounds....she squeezed them..... "Plead with me to squeeze them harder" she told the groaning girl.....

Pamela looked at the woman, hate....fury and rage in her eyes.....she hated this.....she hated the woman.....her nerve ends were ready to fight but her body and mind balked at the idea....she felt the hands gripping the tits.....

"Please.....mmh.....please.....squeeze my..... my pretty titties....harder" she groaned.

"Now Pamela.....I want you to beg me.....beg me to hurt them....."

Stark horror went through Pamela's mind and body... how could Greda treat her like this?....And for why? her eyes begged the woman, her face looked pitifully at the sadistic dominatrix.....but she saw no respite.....her pink tongue tip licked over her lips.....
 "Please.....please hurt my pretty titties" she pleaded in a choked voice.....

Greda squeezed the ripe half solid mounds.....she gripped and gripped.....Pam choked out as strange mixtures of pain and pleasure went through er.....she discovered that her limbs were pulling on the restricting ropes.....she was trying to twist away from the clawing hands...but it was absolutely useless.....she was powerless against the terrible woman.....and the Greda deliberately twisted the superb knobs in her hands.....Pam shrieked.....
 "OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHEEEEEEEER.....PLEEEEEEEEEASE ON PLEASE.....AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH.....CHRIST!! PLEASE.....NO MORE.....YOU ARE HURTING THEM.... PLEASE.....NOT ANY MORE.....NO....NO.....OWOWOWO! OOOOWWWVAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHER" she yelled in terrible anguish,

Relief came flooding back as Greda released the perfected globes of her tits and Pamela sobbed furiously although there were no tears in her eyes.....she saw Greda pick up the long handled whipping leather....this was like a thick handled bull-whip at the grip, but the leather thong came down to a fine tapering point....she watched and her eyes dilated in terror.....Gelda was standing to one side of her eyeing her magnificent globes.....Pam's mouth was really dry....and then

fierce line of fire ripped across the thrusting mounds.....she screamed.....she really screamed as her whole body jerked against the restraining cords. And yet again the soft jouncing tittles responded to the thin leather thong.....it was the most exciting thing that Pamela had ever known....it was just too awful for words.....three lashes were enough. Gelda had only just lightly treated the superb mound, but the terrible line of red hot fire was sufficient to remind Pamela that her Bondage was not just being bound into unmoveable positions.....once restrained by the special wardrobe costumes, with various areas of her anatomy bared and postured into a most thrusting manner, she was open to any type of treatment that Gelda wanted to exact on her.....

"What would you prefer.....a good caning on the arse. Or a thrashing with the whip on your pretty tits?" Gelda asked cruelly.....

"A.....a.....good.....caning.....on.....my.....No" Pamela sobbed hopelessly.

"And who is your Mistress?"

"You are Mistress" Pamela said meekly.

"And don't you ever forget it" Gelda said with a soft menacing tone.....

* * * * *

Pamela was permitted two whole days respite from the torturous cruelties of the restricting garments.....she lay in bed and she smoothed her body with the salve that had been handed to her...she was permitted the very last word in luxurious cosmetics and perfumes waters when she bathed.....her food was really excellent and the carefully prepared meals helped to keep her body in a full state of shapeliness.....the fresh air which she was allowed to enjoy helped to keep her fit....there was a gymnasium in which she was encouraged to take exercises and

this too all helped her to retain a perfectly fit and curve filed body.....

On the third morning after her complete degradation with Gelda, the woman came into her room.....Pamela stood up....her body was naked, as usual.....

"Pose for Inspection"

Pamela did not hesitate to place her arms up and her hands clasped her head.....her feet, she placed wide apart.....she purposely pulled her shoulders back and this was the position which Gelda had asked her to adopt.....Pamela's face did not register the fury of her heart at being treated so slavishly.... Gelda sat down immediately before her....the tall woman's eyes roving lecherously over the soft lines of the smooth tummy and down to the pubic hair... "Come with me"

Pamela followed the full paces of Gelda as she walked down to the 'Terror Room'... once inside, Gelda led her to the Wardrobe that Pamela hated so much.....she saw several articles taken from the wardrobe.....and then Gelda turned round with her arms clasping the array of restricting garment Pamela trembled as a thick collar was put round her neck.....the buckles clipped together"and she was unable to move her face into a downward position.. at the back of the collar were two small brass rings not close together.....she passed a pair of red arm length gloves to the waiting girl...

"Put those on"

Pamela pulled the smooth satinised gloves over her hands and up to her arm-pits.....at the wrists of the gloves, she saw the ever constant rings.....Gelda clipped a small length of leather lace through each of the rings.....and then Pamela jerked put a cry

as her arms were pulled unmercifully up her back... the lace lengths were only small, but Gelda pulled the other ends through the rings on the collar..... then Pamela was gasping out again as her elbows were pulled together and fastened with a strong silk scarf.....she yelped out loudly as the ends were tied tight.....then Gelda placed a black polished length of ebony between the nude girl's knees...just above the knee caps and this made her thighs stretch wide apart.....at the end of the wood stock like piece of wood were straps....these were tied round Pamela's knees to keep the board posuonened.....and because the board was long, Pam's thighs were being fully wide apart.....then a long piece of lace was pushed through the two holes of the collar.. and this was pulled down to her ankles....passed round them both and she was forced to lay down with her ankles pulled tightly up her back.....she yelped over and over again as searing pains went through her fully arching body.....her ankles pulled tightly together, then pulled hard and tight up her back.. and tied to the rings at her collar.....her breasts thrust forward with her wrists pulled high up to the collar.....and to make it worse, her knees were forced wide apart by the strong ebony board.....

Pamella felt the gag being forced into her mouth....the steel ball forcing her jaws wide apart.....she whinnied through the gag.... her body was out and then she saw Gelda pulling a trapeze bar down...her eyes widened in amazement... the bar was placed so that it fitted into her knees, the other end clipped to the swinging ropes....and then Gelda hoisted the ropes up.....the dear filled Pamela felt her body swing clear of the floor...and she was swinging upside down....her head towards the floor.....her knees thrusting upwards.....



Gelda approached the helpless girl and looked down now onto the well exposed and open cunt lips..... she reached out with her gloved hand and Pamela shivered as she felt the rubber of the glove stroking her unprotected cunt lips.....

Gelda saw the soft lips so perfectly presented.....she stroked, she pinched she pulled them apart and fussed the hapless girl's whole private area.....and then Pamela felt something cold and steel like being inserted into her soft cunt lips.....she could not so much as shiver away.. helpless.....hopeless.....she had to stay inverted and feel the cold calipers inside her cunt.....and then Gelda was turning a steel knob.....the calipers opened wider.....and wider.....and wider.....and as they opened, so the cunt lips were forced ever wider apart until the whole internal pinkness of Pamela's cunt was revealed.....and it held no secrets from the dominatrix!!!!

Pamela could have cried in sheer desperation and shame.....she knew that her soft lips were exposed....she knew that Gelda was scrutinising the soft pleasure flesh of her cunt... and then Gelda took a small box from her pocket.... she removed the lid and looked at the brown powder inside the box....it looked like snuff.....she tipped a few grains of the powder inside the open cunt lips and then added some more for a liberal measure..... then she removed the calipers such to Pamela's relief.....as she was placed upright again on the table frame, Pamela began to feel the oddest tingling sensation....by the time Gelda returned from securing the trapeze bar, Pamela was in a state of ag mixed itching!!!!

It took a while for the powder to re-act....but soon, with the smiling face of Gelda only inches from her(s), Pamela felt the full force of the chemical reacting inside her cunt....it was a tingling itch at first.....bearable, but itching....then the itching got worse.....and worse.....and worse until Pamela was sweating and moaning with exasperation agony of the itching powder deep inside her cunt... every nerve inside her channel seemed to be screaming out for relief....she was at the stage where she would give away her fortune just to have something, anything inside her relieving the terrible heat of the itch.....Gelda removed the gag and as soon as it was out, Pamela pleaded....

"Ooooooh....please.....please.....I beg you..... please.....my whole inside is itching" she moaned. "Should I scratch it?"

"Yes.....yes please, MistressI beg you"

"Where do you itch?" Gelda teased.

Pamela was too far gone to worry about the niceties of modesty....

"My cunt.....oooooh....please.....mistress..... scratch my cunt.....I beg you.....I implore you... please.....please" she choked out.

It was worse than torture.. it was worse than the lash on her tits....she would do anything right now....it was such a sensitive area.....and it was like a thousand feathers tickling over her cunt.....Gelda reached out and ran her fingers up and down the groove.....Pamela gasped "Harder.....oooh....please....please.....harder" she cried out as only the slightest relief started. "Only if you promise me exacting subservient obedience in a voluntary manner" Gelda said spitefully..... "oooooooooh....I do.....I do....I swear it..... I swear solemnly.....anything you demand of me.... anything.....everything....whipping....crawling... oooooooooooooooh.....I'll say....I'll do.....I'll even think how you want me to....." Pamela begged

and she sobed out in honest submission.....speedily the board was removed.....the ankles were released from her back, and then Gelda looked at the Squire and Pamela as the girl tried to rub the fiery itch from her cunt without the help of her hands which were still thrusting up her back with her elbows secured together.....

"Over my head?"

Pamella stretched her torso hurriedly over the waiting lap.....she thrust her arse high into the air.... this was to satisfy herself now.....nothing to do with what Gelda wanted.....Pam placed her legs far apart.....she was growling furiously , and Geld looked down again onto the softly lipped waiting cunt...she recoiled forward with her gloved fingers and as they touched the soft lips, so Pamela spread her thighs even wider and her arse, so perfect y rounded into a really arching posture.....Gelda smiled happily.. her fingers drove hard into the witing cunt...Pamela moaned as the fires responded to the probing and thrusting fingers of the Coordinator and as the fingers played and rubbed, so Pamela felt the doubled relief of havin the itch scratched from her cunt and also the fiery inferno of her arseasm stoked up to new heights.....

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Part III

Penelope Wand gritted her teeth as she went through the morning swirl....still no card from Freddie and Pamela.....they had promised the chief bridesmaid that they would write as soon as they arrive at the Riveira yachting basin. Eighteen years of good curvy as eighteen year old debutantes should be... and with a quick turn of temper that suited the soft gold auburn hair of her head. Her green hued eyes sparkled dangerously as she gave way to a fit of

tantrum temper at being so badly let down.....it had been all of five weeks and her intuition told her that everything was not all right.....not by a long way. She had several months before she went to Oxford and she made up her mind suddenly....she went along to her Bank first....the AA next.....and after checking her Passport, she booked the Ferry over to France.....she had already telephoned the Steward of the Yachting Basin Club.....and because the local Police had come up without a single trace of the recently married couple, they had thought that perhaps the happy pair had branched off to lose themselves....to find Peace and quiet.....a number of people did, they argued....but Penelope was not convinced....she had known Pamela for too long.. and acting on the assumption that no news was good news, the whole matter had died away from public interest.....

Penelope caught the Ferry with tons of time to spare.....she was off first at Calais.. and as she drove her mini down the slip way through Customs a tall man went into a telephone booth..... he dialled a number and quickly gave a message..... Penelope was on her way to meeting Pamela, and Freddie.. and also Golda!!!!!!

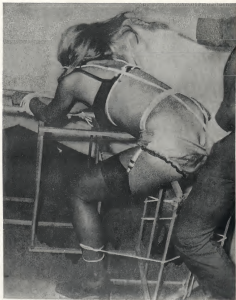
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Penny looked at the bloody great tree laying across the road.....she was furious....way out over the mountainous scenery she could see the Yacht Basin.....and now this thing across her path. She looked at the setting sun.....and then her watch it was going to be dicky going back now....she turned the car round and started to drive back again.... she had to jump on her brakes as she turned a hairpin bend and saw a cart stuck tight in the middle of the road.....

She saw the stupid cart driver, a typical peasant, standing at the front of the horse, stroking the strong animals head....she had an idea...perhaps the old man would help her move the log....she got out of the car, oblivious of the fact that her mini skirt slipped well up her young, shapely thighs and walked to where the man stood stroking the horse's mane... he did not speak English....she did not speak his rotten language and no matter how much she gesticulated, he just did not seem to understand her....his eyes certainly seemed occupied in watching her shapely breasts as they jiggled with her arm movements.... Penny was more than a little cross when she saw how his lecherous eyes followed the movement of her jiggling boobs.....

"You.....you lecherous old bastard.....you know that language alright" she sighed hopelessly..... He smiled at her and still shrugged his shoulders... then he pointed up the mountain side....she turned and looked.....she saw the most eye catching woman she had seen for a very long time.....the sense of power that emanated from the approaching amazon was like rippling shock waves.....there was that aura of real strength.....of dominate power that seemed to flow out from the very depth of the easy pacing Golda.....

The man seemed to go into a state of obedient humbleness when the sharp eyes of Golda swept over them.....they spoke she sharply, he softly.... then she nodded her head at him.... "You are English?" Golda asked. "Thank-God there is somebody here who knows the language" Penny sighed and unnecessarily told her story of the fallen tree..... "Come along to the house" Golda smiled with a glinting sparkle in her eye.....she liked this one....oh yes, she really did like this girl....so young....so



pretty.....curry and port.....this one would be really fit for the Restraining Room.....

Inside the large mansion like castle, Penelope was amazed that such a place existed. She could not remember seeing it on the way up.... she had qualms about the odd Gelda....the women seemed to dress oddly....like a ringmaster!!! There was something just not right with the tight leatherette wear that Gelda adorned herself in.....then she gave Penny the freedom of her personal bathroom... and after the English girl had bathed, so she stepped into the ante dressing room.....she looked around for her clothes.....they had gone!!!

She pulled the robe round her tightly.....she was non-plussed as to the whereabouts of her clothes.....she went into the spacious bedroom and stood scratching her head in puzzlement.. this was ridiculous....then she heard the door opening. "Ah.....you have finished bathing" the tall majestic Gelda smiled....."

Penelope did not detect any real mirth in the smile... only a strange sort of perversity.....

"I wanted my clothes" Penelope said in a puzzled voice....

"You won't really be needing them" Gelda said as she leaned against the door jamb.....the manner in which she spoke....the odd trait of dominance in her voice made Penny look hard at her.....

"oh" Penny asked.

"No my dear.....I.....I shall only have to make you take them off again"!!!!!!

The 'make' part sizzled into the auburn haired girl's brain.....she had heard it.....and it had registered

"Would you please tell me what it is you are driving at?" she asked in a controlled voice.....

"Certainly" Gelda detached herself from the door..

"I have been expecting you.....ever since you left England.....and patiently I have waited...so... now you are here, I know that my patience is well rewarded"

"This is all too puzzling" the shapely girl said.
 "Of course.....and we mustn't waste a lot of time in full explanations.....must we" Gelda smiled.
 "Look.....Miss.....or.....whatever your name is.. just give me my clothes back.....and I'll be on my way" Penny told her.

The soft smile that Gelda greeted this last remark with was not backed up by the hard glare of her eyes.....
 "Your clothes will be returned when I say so..... not one second before.....and they shall only be given to you.....after I have thoroughly inspected you"
 Penelope looked at the woman with a quizzical expression.....
 "This must be the local mad-house" she intoned....
 "and you must be the latest in Nut Cases"
 Gelda's eyes blazed a warning light at the flippant Penelope.....
 "Do shall see" she breathed as she flared her nostrils.
 Penny watched as she thumbed the button.....within seconds two strong looking men appeared....
 "Josef.....Hann2.....hold her" Gelda hissed.
 Penelope stepped back towards the ante room.....but the muscle men were on her....they were big bastards too.....Penny felt her arms grabbed and thrust hard up her back.....she shrieked as tormenting pain filled her shoulders.....then her hair was grabbed and hit too was pulled back.....she was struggling in the grip of the giants when she saw the Gelda was immediately before her.....then she felt her robe taken in gelda's hands....she raised one knee at a time... trying to druggle free of the giant's hands.....but

it was a useless effort....her shapely breasts were bared....she felt cool hands stroke over them.....

"Bring her downstairs" Gelda said softly.....

Struggling really like a wild cat, the shapely young girl was half dragged...half pulled down the cellar stairs.....inside the same room in which Pamela had been 'trained' she was pulled and her eyes opened as she saw the frightening paraphernalia all around her.....her arms were released and then she felt them lifting them above her head....she struggled more fiercely....she said something like.....'oh, no you don't'.....then they did!!!!!!

Penny felt her wrists secured and then the ropes pulled her arms high.....she was having to stand on tip toe.....

"Alright Josef....Hanna....you may go" the tall Gelda told the men.....

After they had left, Penelope still struggled.....

Gelda smiled happily.....then Penelope saw the woman again approach her.....

"We shall just get rid of this" Gelda said with a purposeful quietness.....and Penny squirmed all the more so as the one covering robe was pulled rudely from her body....the specially prepared linings gave way easily as the woman pulled....and then to her shame, Penelope realised that she was white, but quite naked!!! Her mouth opened and she gasped....the whole of her nakedness was revealed to the smiling happy Gelda.....then Penelope really lost her temper.....she ranted....she raved....she was more bewildered and confused more than anything else....she still could not acclimatise herself to this strange change of circumstance.....

The writhings of the secured girl only pleased the dominatrix more and more....the angry outbursts, the threats, all this Gelda listened to; she was quite willing to let Penelope struggle uselessly against the Bondaged position....the shapely young breasts shook and trembled, and with agh the bound girl kept lifting her thighs across her golden red pubic bush, the glimpses that she did get of it fed Gelda's sadistic appetite.....

Gelda placed herself just behind the arm working Penelope, then the red head felt her ankle gripped tightly....before she could take the necessary evasive action, her foot was well and truly tied to a pre-prepared roped staple fastened into the floor.....
 "Stop it.....stop it!" she shrieked as her temper flared even higher....
 Gelda chose to say nothing....yet.....then her strength coupled with the awkward restricting ropes holding the girl in position helped her to get the other foot into a noose....once this happened she had only to pull the other end of the cord and Penny's ankles were widespread....very, very widespread....
 easily, Gelda secured the last rope and once again she placed herself before the hard breathing Penny. There was nothing the girl could do now....her legs so far apart and secured accordingly...her arms thrusting way above her head kept her in the exact bondaged condition that Gelda required....the arch do inattentive was able now to survey the soft curvy body with all the leisure she liked.....the softly thrusting breasts, not overly big, but, for all that, perfectly rounded and very attractive with the taut flesh being strained by the restraining cords keeping Penny's arms and hands stretched above her head.....then the smooth plains of the soft skin of the squirming girl's tummy down to the profuse bush of golden red hair..

Penelope was obviously unaware of the terrible situation into which she had been placed...how could she be...
 "Let me go...this instant you sad bitch" she seethed...
 "All in good time....and I'll wager you will change your tune before long"

The tone should have warned the writhing girl....
 "I think now....I'm reporting you to the embassy and see that you are put away" she raised her tone again...
 "I see" Gelda's eyes were smiling merrily....a cruel smile.....then she produced from the table drawer the whalebone paddler....it was some four feet in length.....it was two inches wide and an eighth of an inch thick.....the handle had been planed down to fit into Gelda's ready palm.....and when Penny saw the terrible instrument she shuddered in pure horror....this woman was mad...there was no doubt whatsoever.....

"Do you know what this is?" Gelda asked, and a shiver went through Penelope...she had to admit that there was nothing insane about the woman's make-up!! Just the contrary.....to Penelope, Gelda seemed a very intelligent person and it was this that made her angrier than ever.....

"I have some idea" the girl seethed.

"I can promise you that you will most certainly be aware of what it is....before very long....it is my most useful piece of equipment....it speaks volumes without actually saying a word.....it has the reliable and untiring habit of transforming people.....it transforms them from angry young girls to pleading and begging whelps....."

Penny needed no metaphoric emphasis nor analysis!!! She was only too certain now that the woman intended to use the awful paddler on her body...and as she thought about, the full terror invaded her....she was going to have her bottom thrashed.....by the terrible Gelda....

as helpless and hopelessnness intruded themselves to her bewildered brain, so Penelope felt a different kind of feeling ripple into her.....as her body cooled down with her temper, she began, as though for the first time, re-appraise the situation for all the gravity it was worth!!!

She seemed to realize that she was fully undressed....and she realized too that her body was secured into such a spreadeagled position as to make her a perfect target for the cruelty of the smiling Gelda.....her green eyes looked at the dominatress.....if her mouth was not so dry, she might try to say something, but little shock waves of ice-yet-hot tingles were going through her body....a lump of real anticipatory fear stole over her...it was not Penelope's nature to cow down or to be a passive acceptor of a dominant person.....with the realization of the full implications of her position and what she was open to come upon her, Penelope trembled anew.....this was a madness that she had never met before.....her body....her shapely young body was going to writhe....she knew it was....and it did!!!!

A soft low whistle filled the small chamber, the room.....and the whistling stopped dead as a loud thump filled the air.....Penelope's body arched forward as far as it could..her pubic area thrust out as the most awful sting seemed to fill the whole of her buttocks.....dead centre the paddler had landed.....it smacked into the fleshiest and softest part of her arse.....and a two inch strip of her backside responded to the most excruciating pain....then her mouth opened and a loud shrieking scream came from her....the pain hit her bottom, then it seemed to flash right

the complete spheres of her pertly shaped bottom...
 "OOOOOOOOOOOOOH,.....NO,...NO.....OWOWOWOWOWOW...
 LALALAGHER" she shrieked.

Her arms jerked on the cords....her ankles tried to
 dance up and down, as the first pain that she had
 ever felt was released on her bared backside, and
 popped in a most novel manner!!!!

"That is a very good start" Galda smiled as she watched
 the curvy young body writhing to the very limits of
 the restraining cords.....

"I think twelve will be a good start"

Penelope's head swam when she heard the words.....
 Twelve????????!!!!!!?????????She was prepared to bet
 she would faint way before twelve.....it was too
 horrible to even contemplate.....Galda realized that
 it was a true saying....the higher they are, the
 harder they fall.....it was certainly true of Penny.
 she was hard as nails before the first stroke.....
 and Galda was willing to wager that Penny would see
 around to the pain of the whalebone.....she
 raised the pain installing instrument again.....it
 snatched through the air and again...just below the
 preceding stroke, the awful paddler landed.....
 Penny again thrust herself forward as the heated
 finger flared through her area.....

"AH.....AH.....AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA.....OOOOOHER....
 PLEASE.....PLEASEPLEASE.....OW...OW...OW...OW"
 her shrieking voice was shrill and purposeful in
 it's pleading intensity.....

It went on....three.....four..
 five and six....each stroke caused the softened
 rounded flesh of Penny's buttocks to leap into in
 flamed terror pain.....then she saw the arch
 radiant standing before her....Galda was smiling....
 "What now my shapely little red head" she smiled.
 "Ummf.....Ummf" was all she received for reply...

Gelda waited until the straining breasts calmed down with the girl's returning controlled breathing..
 "Still feel like rebelling"
 Penny shook her head as she cast her eyes downwards.. it had been awful....too awful for words.....to Penny it was something worse than a nightmare....
 "Answer me" Gelda insisted.
 "N.....n.....no.....no" she shuddered.
 "You must call me Mistress.....no Miss.....nothing else will do.....Mistress.....and you must remember that whenever you speak.....if you should forget this salutation, I shall bend you over....right over and then put a thin whip across your bottom.....so you use your brains....and memory and call me Mistress Penny nodded brokenly.
 "Now.....do you want another dose"
 "N.....no.....mistress....please.....no more" she choked.
 "Tell me that your body is for me to play with...any way I want.....to secure you....anyway I want... and to touch....any way I want" Gelda insisted.
 "I'll do anything you want, Mistress.....anything... you.....you are my mistress in everything and any thing.....I am your's to pose.....to posture.....to play with....anytime.....anywhere.....any way"

Gelda knew that she had been right about this girl.....she had broken very quickly... these tapes always did....they spouted off a lot and showed a determined refusal to buckle down, but at the first sign of real domination they broke like a reed in the swamp.....slowly, Gelda undid the wrist cuffs.....and Penny nearly collapsed onto the shining floor.....then Gelda told the girl to release the restraining cords round her ankles..... she watched as the red head did just that..... Gelda then led her from the room into a smaller bed cell.....

"Have you ever been held as a Bondage Slave before?"

Gelda asked with a trifle cruelty in her voice...

Penelope assured her that she had not.....

"Then today will start your very real training in that sphere"

Penelope wanted to scream.....she wanted to pass out.....and when she saw the strange apparatus being placed on the table near the bed to which she was ruthlessly tied, she whispered.....and she whispered loud and long.....

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